



THE

# ALL STAR SQUADRON

ALL NEW!  
**60¢**

NO. 8  
APRIL



IN MORTAL  
COMBAT WITH THE  
MARTIAL ARTS MONSTER  
**KUNG**  
--TO SAVE THE LIFE OF  
WINSTON  
CHURCHILL!



0

FEATURING THE  
SENSATIONAL  
RETURN OF... **STEEL**  
THE INDESTRUCTIBLE MAN!

A WORLD AT WAR--IN EASTERN EUROPE, IN TEENING ASIA, AMID NORTH AFRICA'S DESERTS, ABOVE AND BENEATH THE PLANET'S VAST OCEANS! AND AGAINST THE FORCES OF AXIS DARKNESS, THE FREE WORLD'S MIGHTIEST HEROES HAVE Banded TOGETHER IN THAT WAR'S MOST DESPERATE DAYS, AS THE--

**★ STAR SQUADRON**

# AFTERNOON OF THE ASSASSINS!

FOR MORE THAN TWO YEARS, CANADIANS HAVE FOUGHT ALONGSIDE THE BRITISH ON THE BATTLEFIELDS OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR, BUT TODAY, DEC. 30, 1941, THAT HOLOCAUST IS ABOUT TO BE BROUGHT HOME TO ITS CAPITAL AT OTTAWA--IN THE HALLOWED HALLS OF THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENT ITSELF, AS--

DEATH  
TO WINSTON  
CHURCHILL!  
HEIL  
HITLER!

GOOD LORD!  
THAT MAN--!

THE SHINING  
KNIGHT AND I BOTH  
SEE HIM, MR.  
PRIME MINISTER!

NOW GET DOWN--  
IF YOU DON'T WANT  
10 DOWNING STREET  
TO HAVE A NEW  
TENANT!

"...LITTLE, IN GOD'S GOOD TIME,  
THE NEW WORLD, WITH ALL ITS  
POWER AND MIGHT, STEPS FORTH  
TO THE RESCUE AND THE LIBERA-  
TION OF THE OLD."

--EXCERPT FROM CHURCHILL'S SPEECH  
TO THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT, JUNE 4, 1940.

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OUT OF THE WAY, EVERYBODY!

LET THE ALL-STAR SQUADRON TAKE CARE OF THIS!

BE THOU WARY, LIBERTY BELLE!

'TIS SOME SORT OF FIERY LIGHT HIS WEAPON DOES SPEW FORTH IN SHORT BURSTS-- NOT MERE BULLETS!

KEEP YOU BACK, AND LET MINE IMPENETRABLE MAGIC ARMOR--



NEGATIVE! HOW DO WE KNOW IT IS IMPENETRABLE-FACED WITH THAT??

'TIS A BISK, IN SOOTH, BUT--

ACH, SO! I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN!

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT HAS SENT HIS DISGUISED LACKEYS NORTH TO GUARD HIS ENGLISH BULLDOGS!



THEN YOU SHALL PERISH HERE, AS WELL-- TO LIE LIFELESS ACROSS HIS MUTILATED CORPSE!



YOUR FIRST WAS THAT YOU BECAME SO SPELLBOUND BY CHURCHILL'S RHETORIC THAT YOU LET ME SLIP IN IN DISGUISE.

AND ONE MISTAKE IS MORE THAN ANY MAN CAN EXPECT TO MAKE--



NICE FELLOW, EH, JACK? THANK GOD THE P.M. HASN'T BEEN HURT YET!

TOSS DOWN YOUR WEAPON, NAZI, AND THROW UP YOUR HANDS, OR BY HEAVEN WE'LL--

YOU'D GIVE ME A CHANCE TO SURRENDER, WOULD YOU?

THAT IS YOUR SECOND MISTAKE, SOLDATIN!



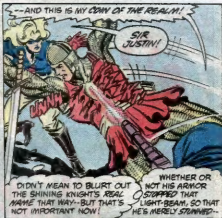
--IF HE WISHES TO GO ON LIVING!

HARRY! M-MY GOD--!



THOU FOUL AND MOST UNFEELING VAMPIRE! YOU SHALL PAY DEARLY FOR SUCH SLAUGHTER.

I STAND FULL READY TO PAY, ARMORED ONE--



--AND THIS IS MY COVEY OF THE REALM!

SIR JUSTIN!

DIDN'T MEAN TO BLURT OUT THE SHINING KNIGHT'S REAL NAME THAT WAY--BUT THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT NOW!

WHETHER OR NOT HIS ARMOR STOPPED THAT LIGHT-BEAM, SO THAT HE'S MERELY STRAINED--



-- I'VE GOT TO SUMMON ALL MY ADRENALIN ENERGY TO KEEP DODGING THOSE BURSTS--

-- MOVING CLOSER DURING THE SPLIT SECONDS BETWEEN THEM--

--TILL I GET NEAR ENOUGH TO GIVE THIS NAZI CREEP--



-- A TASTE OF LIBERTY--IN THE FORM OF LIBERTY BELLE'S FISTS!

HIMMEL! YOU ARE A FORTHRIGHT OPPONENT--FOR A WOMAN!

KT HOK!



IF THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE A CATHARTIC--MENT, RAT--

--YOU CAN STUFF IT UP YOUR JACKBOOT, AND--WHAT?

FALLING, THE COILED INTRUDER INSTINCTIVELY GRASPS A NEARBY PLASTER--



AND, AS THE WANTON FIRES WOULD HAVE IT--

HAH! WHILE YOU STRUGGLE TO UNTANGLE YOURSELF, I HAVE A CLEAR SHOT AT MY PUDDY PREY!

NO MORE WOOD OR MEAT WILL STOP THE BEAM FROM MY LIGHT-RIFLE!

IT WON'T HAVE TO, ASSASSIN--

--SINCE I DON'T INTEND TO LET YOU FIRE IT!

YOU-- AGAIN??

HERE, OF ALL PLACES--?

GLAD TO SEE YOU STILL RECOGNIZE ME, "SCHWARZER MEUCHELMÖRDER" #1.

AND, SINCE I DIDN'T GET A FAIR CRACK AT YOU THE FIRST TIME WE MET--

--MAYBE THIS WILL MAKE UP FOR IT!

# "BLACK ASSASSIN" IN GERMAN.--LEN.

--AS WELL AS ONE OF THE MOST POWERFUL-SOUNDING BLOWS I EVER HEARD DELIVERED!

GOT TO HELP THIS GUY-- WHOEVER HE MIGHT BE!

AHH? I DON'T KNOW QUITE WHAT'S GOING ON HERE-- BUT THAT SOCK WAS MARITAL MUSIC TO MY EARS--

MEANWHILE, THE STAR-STUDDED NEWCOMER GRABS THE FALLEN LIGHT-WEAPON--AND, WITH AN EXERTION OF UN-BELIEVABLY STRONG FINGERS, SQUEEZES ITS FIRING MECHANISM TO A METALLIC PULP..

YOU WON'T USE THIS POPGUN AGAIN, NAZI!

YET, HIS ORDERS ARE TO PERISH, IF NECESSARY, TO BRING ABOUT THE DEATH OF WINSTON CHURCHILL.

AND THAT'S JUST WHAT HE INTENDS TO DO, AS HE REACHES TOWARD THE BULKY BELT AROUND HIS WAIST.

THE DARK-CLAD MAN DOES NOT RESPOND VERBALLY-- HIS JAW BEING BROKEN--

EH? WHAT DOES YONDER VILLAIN NOW?

KNIGHT! YOU'RE ALIVE! THANK HEAVEN!

BUT THAT NAZI MUST BE A WALKING BOMB!

HE IS, MISS-- EVEN NOT WALKING--



-- AND IF HE ACTIVATES THAT BOMB-BELT OF HIS, HE MAY BLOW UP THIS WHOLE BUILDING!

RUN FOR COVER, WHILE I--

TOO LATE, AMERIKANER! TOO LA--

THE NAZI KILLER DOES NOT LIVE TO COMPLETE HIS THOUGHT--FOR, EVEN AS THE COLORFULLY-GARBED YANKEE FLINGS HIMSELF UPON HIM--

OH MY GOD.

BA-ROOON!

CHAIRS, DESKS, AND HUMAN BEINGS ARE FLUNG LIKE PAPER TENNIS BY THE RURY OF EVEN THE MUFFLED EXPLOSION-- AND MOMENTS LATER, AS THE FOUL-SMELLING SMOKE BEGINS TO DISSIPATE...

DEAD OR ALIVE-- HE'S STILL IN ONE PIECE!

BUT-- HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN TORN LIMB FROM LIMB BY THE FORCE OF THAT BLAST-- AS THE NAZI OBVIOUSLY WAS!

HIS APPAREL IS SOME SORT OF STRONG METAL MESH, BELLE-- I DO SEE THAT NOW.

LIST! HE GROANS: BY MY HALIDOM-- HE LIVES!

THEN HE MUST BE NEARLY AS TOUGH AS HIS MESH OUTFIT.

LET ME THROUGH, PLEASE! I MUST-- BY HEAVEN! YES! IT IS HE!

I KNOW THAT MAN, ALL-STAR.

IT LOOKS ODDLY FAMILIAR SOMEHOW, YET I CAN'T QUITE PLACE--

HIS NAME IS STEEL!

BUT WHO IS HE, MR. PRIME MINISTER?

I-- I MET HIM BRIEFLY ONCE, IN LONDON-- WHEN I WAS FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY.

FOR NEARLY TWO YEARS, I'VE THOUGHT HIM DEAD.

BUT IF HE HAD BEEN, THEN NOT ONLY I, BUT MANY OTHERS WOULD HAVE DIED TODAY.

"STEEL"? I REMEMBER HEARING THAT NAME, IN THE EARLY DAYS OF THE WAR.

HE HAD A SHORT CAREER AS A SPY. BUSTED BACK IN THE STATES-- THEN DISAPPEARED. DIDN'T HE?

YES, BECAUSE--

LINSEAN--!



LISTEN! HE'S TRYING  
TO SPEAK!

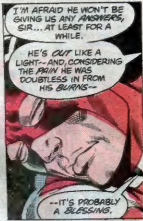
NO WORDS COME FROM THE  
TORTURED FIGURE WHICH  
SPRAWLS BEFORE THEM,  
EYES GAZING AT A CEILING  
NOT CLEARLY  
SEEN...



--BOOK,  
MR. PRIME  
MINISTER!

HE SEEMS VERY  
MUCH TO WANT YOU  
TO TAKE IT.

GLADLY,  
BUT WHAT--?



I'M AFRAID HE WON'T BE  
GIVING US ANY ANSWERS,  
SIR... AT LEAST FOR A  
WHILE.

HE'S OUT LIKE A  
LIGHT-- AND, CONSIDERING  
THE PAIN HE WAS  
DOUBTLESS IN FROM  
HIS BURNS--

--IT'S PROBABLY  
A BLESSING.

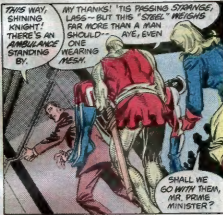


I SHALL TAKE HIM-- FOR HE WAS INJURED IN  
PROTECTING US ALL.

KNIGHT, ARE  
YOU SURE  
YOU'RE--?

MINE ARMOR  
DID SHIELD ME,  
AS I THOUGHT.

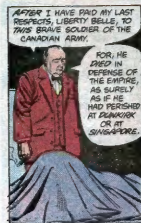
WOULD  
THAT  
GREAT  
MEALIN HAD  
FORGED THIS  
MAN'S VESTIMENTS,  
AS HE ONCE DID  
MINE!



THIS WAY,  
SHINING  
KNIGHT!  
THERE'S AN  
AMBULANCE  
STANDING  
BY.

MY THANKS! 'TIS PASSING STRANGE,  
LASS-- BUT THIS "STEEL" WEIGHS  
FAR MORE THAN A MAN  
SHOULD-- AYE, EVEN  
ONE  
WEARING  
MESH.

SHALL WE  
GO WITH THEM,  
MR. PRIME  
MINISTER?



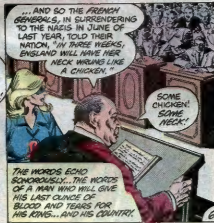
AFTER I HAVE PAID MY LAST  
RESPECTS, LIBERTY BELLE, TO  
THIS BRAVE SOLDIER OF THE  
CANADIAN ARMY.

FOR, HE  
DIED IN  
DEFENSE OF  
THE EMPIRE,  
AS SURELY  
AS IF HE  
HAD PERISHED  
AT DUNKIRK  
OR AT  
SINGAPORE.



THEN... DO YOU  
WISH TO  
FINISH YOUR  
SPEECH, MR. PRIME  
MINISTER, OR...?

YES, BY  
HEAVEN--  
MORE EVEN  
THAN  
BEFORE!



...AND SO THE FRENCH  
GENERALS, IN SURRENDERING  
TO THE NAZIS IN JUNE OF  
LAST YEAR, TOLD THEIR  
NATION, "IN THREE WEEKS,  
ENGLAND WILL HAVE HER  
NECK WRUNG LIKE  
A CHICKEN."

SOME  
CHICKEN!  
SOME  
NECK!

THE WORDS ECHO  
SONOROUSLY... THE WORDS  
OF A MAN WHO WILL GIVE  
HIS LAST GUINCE OF  
BLOOD AND TEARS FOR  
HIS KING... AND HIS COUNTRY.

SOON, IN A NEARBY HOSPITAL...

... YES, THAT'S RIGHT, ATOM! HIS CODE-NAME'S STEEL--AND WE'VE NO IDEA WHAT HIS REAL ONE IS.

SINCE THE SIGNS POINT TO HIS BEING FROM THE U.S., MAYBE PLASTIC MAN COULD HAVE THE FBI CHECK HIM OUT.

PLAS IS OFF ON A MISSION, AS USUAL-- BUT THE PRESIDENT'S ON THE HORN WITH CHIEF HOOVER RIGHT NOW.

ASK HER WHEN THEY'RE COMING BACK, MIGHTY MITE.

YES, WE'RE ALL FINE HERE-- AND OVERJOYED THAT YOU AND THE PRIME MINISTER ARE OKAY.

OH, I THINK THE PRESIDENT'S CALLING ME RIGHT NOW, BELLE. HOLD ON A MINUTE...

WHAT? HE WANTS STEEL BROUGHT BACK TO WASHINGTON WITH US--AS SOON AS POSSIBLE?

CAN DO, I GUESS-- BUT THE "WHEN" DEPENDS ON MR. CHURCHILL.

YES, YOU KEEP 'EM FLYING, TOO, HEAR?

THE CANADIAN PRIME MINISTER, MACKENZIE KING, GRACIOUSLY COMPLIES WITH THE U.S. PRESIDENT'S URGENT REQUEST... AND, NOT LONG AFTERWARD, A SPECIAL TRAIN ROCKETS THROUGH THE DARK GREEN FORESTS OF ONTARIO PROVINCE.

ONLY A HANDFUL OF MEN AND WOMEN ARE ABOARD, VIRTUALLY ALL OF THEM HEAVILY ARMED CANADIAN SOLDIERS.

... SAVE FOR THOSE IN THE NEXT-TO-LAST CAR:

HE MUST POSSESS AMAZING STAMINA, DOCTOR, EVEN TO BE ALIVE AFTER THAT EXPLOSION.

MORE THAN I'VE EVER SEEN, MR. PRIME MINISTER.

YOU TOLD US HE WAS ALSO KNOWN, IN CERTAIN CIRCLES, AS "THE INDESTRUCTIBLE MAN"...

... AND FROM MY EXAMINATION, THAT SEEMS A MOST FITTING SOBRIQUET.

YOU'RE... TALKING ABOUT HIS SNEAKING, DR. ALLISON?



HIS STEEL SKELETON, MISS--WITH A STEEL CASING PROTECTING EVEN HIS BRAIN.

THERE'S SOMETHING--UNREAL--ABOUT EVEN HIS SKIN, AND PORTIONS OF HIS HEART--

--AND ONE LUNG SEEMS ARTIFICIAL, AS WELL! I--I DIDN'T DREAM SUCH THINGS WERE POSSIBLE!

BELIEVE ME, DOCTOR--THEY ARE!

MINUTES LATER, IN CHURCHILL'S PRIVATE CAR...

YOU'VE HAD A CHANCE TO READ THAT JOURNAL HE GAVE YOU, SIR?

YES, AND IT'S THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY DOCUMENT I HAVE EVER READ!

HERE... WHY DON'T YOU READ TO US FROM IT?

I'VE MARKED THE MOST PERTINENT PLACES.

WHY, IT EVEN REVEALS HIS REAL NAME AS **MARK HEYWOOD**... AND THAT HE IS AN AMERICAN, AS THAT NAZI "BLACK ASSASSIN" INDICATED.

I'M JUST SKIMMING NOW, BUT IT TELLS HOW THE GERMAN ATTACK ON POLAND TWO YEARS AGO LED HIM TO BECOME A MARINE...\*

...WHEREAS, BEFORE, HE'D BEEN A MEDICAL STUDENT.

EVIDENTLY, HE WAS RETURNING TO HIS CAMP IN NOVEMBER OF '39, WHEN HE SPOTTED SOME SABOTEURS TRYING TO BLOW UP ITS AMMO DUMP.

HE WADED INTO THEM--

...BUT ACCIDENTALLY KNOCKED ONE OF THEM ONTO HIS OWN FLAMER--AND WAS CAUGHT IN THE EXPLOSION THAT KILLED THEM.

USING IT, THEY REBUILT HIS RAVAGED BODY FROM THE SKELETON UP--USING STEEL ALLOY RUBBING TO REPLACE PULPED BONE--

...MICRO-MACHINES TO HELP HIM MOVE HIS METAL JOINTS--

\*--NOT TO MENTION THAT ARTIFICIAL LUNG, AND BACK-UP DEVICE TO KEEP HIS DAMAGED HEART PUMPING.

HE AWOKE COVERED IN BANDAGES--AND SOMEHOW TALKED A BRILLIANT RESEARCHER NAMED DR. GILBERT GILES INTO PERFORMING CERTAIN MEDICAL EXPERIMENTS ON HIS SHATTERED BODY.

EVIDENTLY, THIS GILES WAS ALSO THE FATHER OF HEYWOOD'S FIANCÉE--BUT SHE KNEW NOTHING EITHER OF ALL THE OPERATIONS HE WOULD HAVE TO UNDERGO--

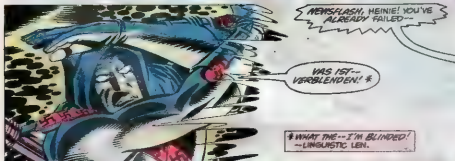
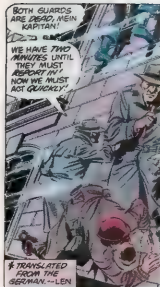
--OR OF SOMETHING USED ON HIM CALLED... A BIO-REPLANTANT.

GILES AND HEYWOOD HAD DEVELOPED THIS 'BIO-REPLANTANT' TOGETHER, TO ENABLE MEN TO SURGICALLY REPLACE DAMAGED LIMBS--EVEN ORGANS.

\* SEE STEEL # 1, 1978.--LEN.

CONTINUES ON 2nd PAGE FOLLOWING





"I FIGURED MY FLARE PISTOL HAD PUT THE LEADER OUT OF THE FIGHT, SO I CONCENTRATED ON THE GOONS IN THE TRENCHCOATS...

SOXO!

"I DIDN'T KNOW IT THEN, BUT THAT WAS MY BIG MISTAKE..."

"BECAUSE WHILE I PLAYED WITH THE SMALL FRY... LETTING BULLETS BOUNCE OFF MY ARMOR-MESH COSTUME--

KTAKA POW

KRANG

"--THE BIG FISH WAS HEADING BACK TO SEA."

"THE TROUBLE IS, SOMETIMES I TAKE MY POWERS TOO SERIOUSLY..."

"WHEN A MAN CAN CRUSH A PISTOL IN HIS FIST, EVEN WITH THE AID OF RADIUM-POWERED MICRO-MOTORS, IT TENDS TO WARP HIS JUDGMENT..."

SKRACH

"I SHOULD HAVE REALIZED THAT ONE FLARE-BURST WOULDN'T FINISH A DETERMINED NAZI, BUT, SAD TO SAY..."

CHW

YAAAAA

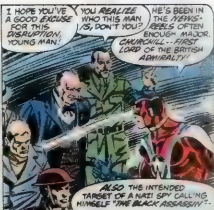
"THE THOUGHT JUST NEVER OCCURRED TO ME!"



WHAT THE *DEVIL* IS GOING ON OUT HERE? BY GAWD, SIR, EXPLAIN YOURSELF!

WHY--WHY I KNOW THAT MAN! HE'S AN AMERICAN! WHAT'S IT THEY CALL HIM?

STEEL. MAJOR, THE NAME IS-- STEEL!

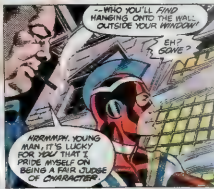


I HOPE YOU'VE A GOOD EXCUSE FOR THIS DISRUPTION, YOUNG MAN!

YOU REALIZE WHO THIS MAN IS, DON'T YOU?

HE'S BEEN IN THE NEWS-- REELS OFTEN ENOUGH. MAJOR CHURCHILL-- FIRST LORD OF THE BRITISH ADMIRALTY!

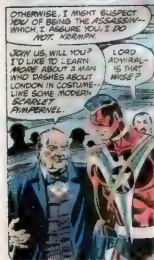
ALSO THE INTENDED TARGET OF A NAZI SPY CALLING HIMSELF 'THE BLACK ASSASSIN'--



--WHO YOU'LL FIND HANGING ONTO THE WALL OUTSIDE YOUR WINDOW!

EH? SOME?

NRMMH. YOUNG MAN, IT'S LUCKY FOR YOU THAT I PRIDE MYSELF ON BEING A FAIR JUDGE OF CHARACTER.



OTHERWISE, I MIGHT SUSPECT YOU OF BEING THE ASSASSIN-- WHICH, I ASSURE YOU, I DO NOT. NRMMH.

JOHN US, WILL YOU? I'D LIKE TO LEARN MORE ABOUT A MAN WHO DASHES ABOUT LONDON IN COSTUME-- LIKE SOME MODERN SCARLET PINFERNEL.

LORD ADMIRAL-- IS THAT WISE?



MAJOR MORTON, YOU ARE HERE AS AN AMERICAN OBSERVER. SURELY YOU DON'T CONSIDER YOUR POSITION UNIQUE?

IF WE HAVE ONE YANKEE OBSERVER-- WHY NOT TWO?

BUT-- BUT--

EXCELLENT THEN YOU AGREE.

UHM--YESS, OF COURSE!

"STRANGE! I CAME TO LONDON AS *DIT* HANK HEYWOOD, MAJOR MORTON'S AIDE... AND NOW, BY A TWIST, I'VE BECOME HIS *ESQUAD*."



"I THOUGHT OF HOW IT HAD ALL *BEGUN*, A FEW WEEKS EARLIER, IN A MIDTOWN MANHATTAN HOSPITAL--



"...WHERE MY BENEFACTOR AND MENTOR, DR. GILES, HAD BEEN TAKEN AFTER READING A NEWSPAPER ACCOUNT OF MY ADVENTURES IN COSTUME! HE HAD CALLED OUT HANK HEYWOOD'S NAME--AND THEN HE HAD COLLAPSED! KNOWING DR GILES' PACIFIST FEELINGS I WAS TORMENTED AS I WAITED IN THE HOSPITAL CORRIDOR, TIL..."

GLORIA... PRIVATE HEYWOOD...  
YOU CAN COME IN NOW.

FATHER!  
IS HE--?

DON'T GET  
YOUR HOPES  
UP, GLORIA

I THINK HE'S GOING TO  
RECOVER, THANKS TO THAT  
BIO-RETARDANT FORMULA...

...WHICH THAT  
MASKED MAN  
CALLED STEEL  
BROUGHT US!

STEEL...  
STEEL?

DAD, DON'T  
EXCITE  
YOURSELF. STEEL  
ISN'T HERE--  
ONLY HANK  
AND I.

THEN...MUST  
TALK TO HANK...  
ALONE...

"AND  
MOMENTS  
LATER..."

GOOD LORD--HE'S GRIPPING  
MY WRIST--LIKE A VISE!

I...KNOW ABOUT YOU.  
BOY, READ THE PAPERS  
REALIZED CONNECTION.

YOU...ARE STEEL.  
CAN'T...DENY IT.  
SHOOKED ME...

HANK...I WANT YOUR PROMISE...  
YOUR PROMISE...THAT YOU  
WILL GIVE UP THIS MADNESS...  
OR RENOUNCE...YOUR  
ENGAGEMENT TO GLORIA...

WON'T LET MY DAUGHTER BE  
HURT...BY SOME DAVN...  
OVERZEALOUS...PATRIOTIC  
FOOL!

YOU CAN'T ASK ME TO DO THAT,  
SIR. I...CAN'T PROMISE THAT

YOU...  
MUST.

THEN...GOD  
HELP ME  
I PROMISE

HANK--  
WHAT  
DID HE  
SAY?

NOTHING, GLORIA. I...  
WON'T BE SEEING  
YOU AGAIN...

GOODBYE

"MAYBE THAT'S WHY I WAS SO GLAD TO BE SENT TO ENGLAND SOON AFTERWARD...AND TO BECOME INVOLVED IN ONE OF WINSTON CHURCHILL'S VARIOUS SCHEMES TO SCORE A SECRET KNOCKOUT BLOW AGAINST THE THIRD REICH..."

NORWAY, GENTLEMEN. NORWAY WILL BE THE NEXT TEST OF THE NAZI WILL...

ALREADY, THE RUSSIANS ATTEMPTED THE INVASION OF FINLAND, AS A PRELUDE TO WHAT I BELIEVE WILL BE A COMBINED GERMAN/ RUSSIAN ASSAULT ON THESE KEY NORTHERN COUNTRIES...

NORWAY... DENMARK... SWEDEN... ALL OF SCANDINAVIA IS A TEMPTING TARGET FOR NAZI AGGRESSION.

BY GOD, WE MUST STOP THEM THERE-- SLOW THEIR MOMENTUM-- SMASH THEIR MIGHTY BLITZKREIS-- AND GIVE OURSELVES THE CHANCE TO ARM FOR WAR.

IS THAT WHY YOU'VE SENT BRITISH SHIPS INTO THE NORTH SEA--?

YOU REALIZE YOU'RE INTERFERING WITH THE PRIVATE CONCERNS OF A NEUTRAL COUNTRY--

MAJOR, THERE ARE NO NEUTRAL COUNTRIES.

GERMANY'S HUNGER IS INSATIABLE. THEY BLITZED CZECHOSLOVAKIA, THEY BLITZED POLAND WITH THE RUSSIANS-- NORWAY'S FALL IS INEVITABLE!

SEE HERE, YOU--

YOUR YOUNG COUNTRYMAN IS ABSOLUTELY CORRECT, MAJOR.

THAT'S WHY I WISH TO REQUEST HIS AID ON A SMALL INVASION OF OUR OWN-- TO HALT THE GERMAN WAR MACHINE AT ITS HEART--

--BY KIDNAPPING ADOLF HITLER!

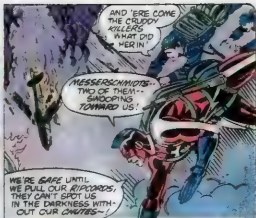
"TWO NIGHTS LATER, I WAS DIVING, WITH TWO ENGLISH COMMANDOS, FROM A BRITISH BOMBER OVER POLAND'S DANZIG CORRIDOR-- NOW IN NAZI HANDS..."

GERONIMO!

"... WHEN SUDDENLY, CATASTROPHICALLY,  
THE NIGHT EXPLODED!"



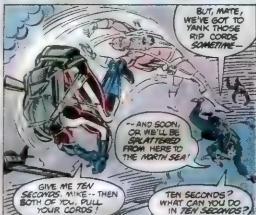
BLOODY HELL--  
THE BOMBER!  
SHE'S BEEN  
SHOT DOWN!



AND 'ERE COME  
THE CRUDDY  
KILLERS  
WHAT DID  
HER IN'

MESSERSCHMIDTS--  
TWO OF THEM--  
SMOOPING  
TOWARD US!

WE'RE SAFE UNTIL  
WE PULL OUR RIPCORDS,  
THEY CAN'T SPOT US  
IN THE DARKNESS WITH-  
OUT OUR CHUTES--!



BUT, MATE,  
WE'VE GOT TO  
YANK THOSE  
RIP CORDS  
SOMETIME--

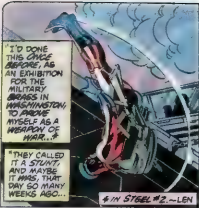
-- AND SOON,  
OR WE'LL BE  
SPLATTERED  
FROM HERE TO  
THE NORTH SEA!

GIVE ME TEN  
SECONDS, MIKE-- THEN  
BOTH OF YOU, PULL  
YOUR CORDS!

TEN SECONDS?  
WHAT CAN YOU DO  
IN TEN SECONDS?



SERGEANT- MAJOR,  
YOU'D BE  
SURPRISED!



"I'D DONE  
THIS ONCE  
BEFORE, AS  
AN EXHIBITION  
FOR THE  
MILITARY  
BAGGS IN  
WASHINGTON;  
TO PROVE  
MYSELF AS A  
WEAPON OF  
WAR..."

"THEY CALLED  
IT A STUNT,  
AND MAYBE  
IT WAS, THAT  
DAY SO MANY  
WEEKS AGO..."

4 IN STEEL #2...LEN



"ALL I KNOW IS,  
IT WASN'T A  
STUNT NOW..."

GOTT IM  
HIMMEL!



"I WAS FIGHTING  
FOR MY LIFE--"

"--THE LIVES OF  
TWO BRITISH  
COMMANDOS--"

"--AND THE LIVES OF A  
MILLION PEOPLE  
I'D NEVER KNOW!"

"TOSsing THE GERMAN PILOT OUT  
OF HIS COCKPIT I TOOK THE CONTROLS.

AND SENT THE PLANE  
STREAKING ON A COLLISION  
COURSE WITH THE OTHER  
NAZI FIGHTER...

VAS?

BDAAKOO!

YOU SEE, SERGEANT-  
MAJOR? I TOLD YOU  
YOU'D BE SURPRISED!

"I TOSSED MY RIPCORD,  
MY CHUTE SPRANG FREE  
AND I FOLLOWED THE  
COMMANDOS DOWN..."



VERLY, LIBERTY  
BELLE--READ ON,  
I PRAY YOU! 'TIS  
ALL MOST  
ASTONISHING,  
E'EN TO ONE  
WHO HAS  
FOUGHT BEFORE  
KING ARTHUR  
HIMSELF!

BUT--THAT'S  
ALL THERE  
IS, KNIGHT.

THE REST  
OF THE PAGES  
--ARE BLANK!

YES--MY FRIENDS--  
ONLY HANK HAYWOOD  
HIMSELF KNOWS WHAT  
HAPPENED TO HIM IN  
THOSE INTERVENING TWO  
YEARS--OR HOW HE  
CAME TO BE IN OTTAWA  
AT SUCH A CRUCIAL  
MOMENT.

BUT THIS I SWEAR TO YOU  
BOTH--THE MAN CALLED  
STEEL HAS THICE SAVED MY  
LIFE, AND I'LL NOT REST  
UNTIL I'VE DONE EVERYTHING  
IN MY POWER TO HELP HIM!

AND SO THE TRAIN SPEEDS ON, THROUGH THE COLD CANADIAN  
WINTER... THOUGH IT DOES NOT DO SO UNNOTICED:

JAMON, EMERG--WITH  
THIS TRACKING DEVICE,  
I CAN TELL PRECISELY  
WHERE THAT FOOL  
CHURCHILL'S SPECIAL  
TRAIN IS AT ANY  
GIVEN MOMENT.

MOST  
IMPRESSIVE,  
HERR BARON.

YOU ARE SATISFIED,  
THEN, WITH THE WAY  
THINGS HAVE GONE,  
THUS FAR?

MORE THAN  
SATISFIED, MEIN  
LIEBER FREUND.

BARON  
BUTZERHES  
IS DECIDEDLY  
PLEASED!

IF THE BLACK ASSASSIN HAD INDEED  
KILLED THAT FAT FOOL IN OTTAWA, I  
WOULD NOT HAVE BEEN TOTALLY  
DISPLEASED, OF COURSE.

ONE CAN  
ALWAYS REJOICE  
AT THE DEATH  
OF A HATED  
ENEMY.

WHAT ELSE,  
IN THE NAME  
OF DER FUHRER,  
ARE THEY  
FOR?

AH, BUT NOW MY BACK-UP PLAN--  
PUT INTO OPERATION WHEN I  
FAILED TO ELIMINATE BOTH  
CHURCHILL AND ROOSEVELT LAST  
WEEK--CANNOT FAIL!

COME, THERE!  
WE MUST  
CELEBRATE--  
WITH SOME  
SCHNAPPS!

JAMON!  
HERR  
BARON!

\* LAST  
ISSUE.  
--LEN.

MEANWHILE, THE HOURS ROLL BY.

CANADIAN GUARDS  
ARE REPLACED BY  
AMERICAN SOLDIERS.

AND, SOMETIME TOWARD DUSK,  
AS THE PRIME MINISTER'S  
TRAIN REACHES THE SNOW-  
SHROUDED COUNTRYSIDE NOT  
100 MANY MILES NORTH OF  
THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA  
ITSELF...

...SOMETHING  
ELSE REACHES IT

AT FIRST GLANCE, IT  
SEEMS ONLY A VERY  
LARGE EAGLE-- AND  
EVEN THE EBONY  
GOLDEN GLOW WHICH  
EMANATES FROM IT  
MIGHT BE THOUGHT  
BUT A TRICK OF THE  
MOON'S LIGHT.

YET, THE INSTANT ITS  
SHARP TALONS TOUCH  
THE TOP OF THE NEXT-  
TO-LAST CAR--

--IT METAMORPHOSES  
INTO-- A MAN!

HE IS A YOUNG MAN,  
BUT HE IS ALSO BITTER--  
FOR HE LOATHES THE  
UNITED STATES...

-- LOATHES EVERY IDEAL IT PURPORTS  
TO BELIEVE IN, BUT FALLS SHORT OF  
FULFILLING PERFECTLY-- YES, AND ITS  
ALLIES, AS WELL.

FOR LONG  
MOMENTS,  
THE YOUTH  
CROUCHS  
THERE, BROW  
FURROWED AS  
IF FOCUSED ON  
THE UNSEEN  
INTERIOR OF  
THE CAR BELOW

...AS IF HE IS  
WILLING  
SOMETHING TO  
HAPPEN THERE.

AS INDEED  
HE IS.

HE IS CALLED KUNG-- AND HE  
TOO STYLES HIMSELF AN  
ASSASSIN-- "THE ASSASSIN  
OF A THOUSAND CLAWS"! \*

HE IS ABOUT  
TO DISPLAY  
MORE OF  
THEM--

\* SEE WONDER  
WOMAN #130  
--LEN

--IN A MOST GOBING AND  
READY FASHION

THERE IS NO  
MOVEMENT  
FROM BELOW  
DESPITE THE  
RENDING OF  
METAL, BECAUSE  
HE HAS CAUSED  
A SUPER-  
NATURAL  
DROWSINESS  
TO OVERTAKE  
THE CAR'S  
OCCUPANTS.

SKRANKT!

PERHAPS HE MIGHT BETTER, HOWEVER,  
HAVE FOCUSED THOSE MENTAL POWERS  
ELSEWHERE-- AS, NEXT SECOND--

I DON'T  
KNOW HOW  
YOU PULLED  
THAT LITTLE  
STUNT, FELLA--

SHARP!



-- BUT IF I WERE YOU,  
I'D TURN MYSELF INTO  
THE NORTH WIND,  
AND BLOW!

AH, SO! I  
SHOULD HAVE  
KNOWN THAT ONE  
SO IMPORTANT  
AS BRITAIN'S PRIME  
MINISTER WOULD  
RECEIVE AN  
ESCORT THE LAST  
FEW MILES TO  
WINDSHINGW!

YOU CAN STILL  
TALK--EVEN WITH  
A TIGER'S  
THREAT?

YOU MUST TELL  
ME NOW YOU DO  
THAT, SOMETIME  
AFTER THE FIRE-  
TRIAL HEARING,  
OF COURSE.



THEN, EVEN AS HAWKGIRL  
LANDS UPON THE SHREDDED  
ROOF, A GROWING BUZZ-  
ING, LIKEWISE DISTRACTS  
HUNG FROM HIS DYRE  
PURPOSE--

-- THOUGH EVEN  
HIS SHARP TIGER-  
EYES SCARCELY HAVE  
TIME TO NOTE THAT  
TWO FIGURES HOLD  
FAST TO THE STRUTS  
OF THE RAPIDLY  
APPROACHING BI-  
PLANE--



-- BEFORE HAWKMAN'S FEATHERED FIANCEE  
GOES INTO SOLD ACTION!

FOOLISH WOMAN!  
THAT MACE WILL  
NOT KEEP ME FROM  
YOU FOR LONG--  
AND THEN I SHALL  
REND YOU--

-- JUST AS I  
INTEND TO SLAY  
THE SLEEPING  
ONES BELOW!

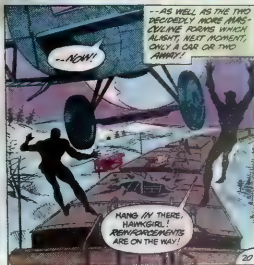
HE'S RIGHT  
THERE, WHO-  
EVER HE IS!

BUT I'VE GOT  
TO KEEP HIM AT  
BAY A FEW PRECIOUS  
SECONDS--TO GIVE  
THE OTHERS A CHANCE  
AT HIM!



THOSE "OTHERS" INCLUDE  
DANETTE REILLY, KNOWN  
LATELY AND FOR GOOD  
REASON AS FIREBRAND--

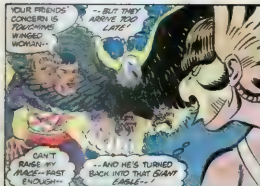
OHAY, BOYS!  
GET SET TO  
DROP--



-- AS WELL AS THE TWO  
DECIDEDLY MORE MAS-  
CYCLINE FORMS WHICH  
ALIGHT, NEXT MOMENT,  
ONLY A CAR OR TWO  
AWAY!

-- NOW!

HANG IN THERE,  
HAWKGIRL!  
REINFORCEMENTS  
ARE ON THE WAY!



YOUR FRIENDS' CONCERN IS TOUCHING WINGED WOMAN--

--BUT THEY ARRIVE TOO LATE!

CAN'T RAISE MY ARSE--FAST ENOUGH--

--AND HE'S TURNED BACK INTO THAT GIANT EAGLE--



THEN, ONE SHEEP OF BAKING TALONS IS STOPPED ONLY BY A WELL-FASHIONED HELMET--

--WHILE A SECOND TEARS HER SOUVENIR-DIVING BELT OF NINTH METAL TO SHREDS--



--AND SHERA SANDERS IS HURLED BOOBY FROM THE FAST-MOVING TRAIN!

MY NYMPS-- WON'T CUSHION MY FALL-- ENOUGH TO SAVE ME.

LOOKS LIKE-- THE END!

THE THOUGHTS WHICH MAY BE HER LAST...

...ARE ALSO HER OWN.



YET, IN THAT SAME INSTANT, A BLUR OF RED-AND-GOLD LEAPS FROM THE TRAIN, AND--

YOU WEREN'T LISTENING, LADY!



I TOLD YOU HELP WAS COMING, DIDN'T I?

JOHNNY QUICK!

THINK THE GREEN BAY PACKERS'D BE INTERESTED IN A NEW WIDE-END RECEIVER?



AS, RECEEDING INTO THE DISTANCE.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR SHEEF IS, FELLA--BUT HERE'S WHERE YOU GET OFF.

NO TIGER OR EAGLE'S GOING TO GET RID OF ME

AND? I HAVE READ OF YOUR PROWESS--ROSETHAN, IS IT NOT?--



STILL, I WONDER--

--HOW EVEN A MAN OF METAL--

--WILL FAIRE AGAINST--

GOOD LORD! A RHINO!?

WITHIN THE CAR, PRIME MINISTER, ALL-STARS, AND MEDICAL PERSONNEL ALL SLEEP ON, IN A MYSTICALLY-INDUCED TRANCE--



--AND AS A DROBT FROM THE TORY ROOF WAFTS OVER CHURCHILL, IN PARTICULAR--

--ABOVE, THE EERIEST BATTLE OF ALL BEGINS:

I DESPISE YOUR COUNTRY ROBOTMAN--AND IF SLAYING BRITAIN'S PRIME MINISTER WILL HELP MY HOMELAND DEFEAT HER--

--THEN DIE HE SHALL, THOUGH AN ARMY STOOD BETWEEN US!

GOT TO STOP HIM-- JUST AS WE STOPPED BARON BLITZKRIEG BEFORE.



HEY! I WONDER IF THAT NAZI NASTY'S BEHIND THIS--

SOMETHING SEEMS TO HAVE DISTRACTED YOU AT THE FATEFUL MOMENT, DOB.



I NEVER THOUGHT TO DEFEAT YOU SO EASILY.

DEFEAT ME? THE DAY YOU CAN DO THAT, SON--



--THERE'LL BE DANCING IN THE STREETS OF TOKYO!

THEN LET MY COUNTRYMEN REJOICE-- THEY WHO SCHOOLED ME WELL IN THE ANCIENT MYSTIC WAYS--FOR--



NOW HE'S BECOME-- A GIGANTIC PAVING MANTIS!

AN INSECT'S FAR STRONGER, FOR ITS SIZE, THAN EVEN A RHINO.

GOT TO PUT EVERYTHING INTO ONE PUNCH THAT--AH--



IT SUDDENLY SHIRLING-- AND I MISSED!

-- IS CARRYING ME OFF THE TRAIN!

WORSE THAN THAT-- THE SHEER MOMENTUM OF MY FOLLOW-THROUGH--

LUCKILY, IT WOULD TAKE A BURSTING BOMB-SMELL TO PUT MY ROBOT BODY OUT OF COMMISSION-- OR A BLOW TO MY HUMAN BRAIN TO FOLISH ME OFF.



AS SOON AS I STOP ROLLING, I'LL BE UP AND AT 'EM AGAIN.

HEAVEN HELP ME-- I JUST PRAY IT WON'T BE TOO LATE!



UP TILL NOW,  
I WAS JUST  
GLAD I COULD  
PILOT THIS  
PLANE, TO  
GET THE OTHER  
ALL-STARS  
HERE.

BUT NOW, IF I  
DON'T GET INTO  
THE ACTION  
SOMEHOW, THAT  
SHAPE-CHANGERS  
JUST LIABLE TO  
KILL  
CHURCHILL!

HOLD IT!  
HERE COME THE  
OTHER TWO,  
AT LEAST--!



IT WON'T TAKE US MORE THAN A  
FEW SECONDS TO CATCH THAT  
TRAIN, JOHNNY.

BUT--HAVE  
WE GOT  
THAT KIND  
OF TIME?

THAT  
KILLER'S  
DISAPPEARED  
INSIDE!

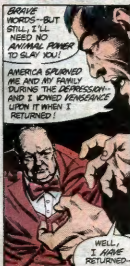
WHAT'RE BELLE AND  
SIR JUSTIN UP TO,  
ANYWAY?



NOT MUCH, AS IT HAPPENS!

CHURCHILL!  
I AM KUNG--  
AND I AM ALSO  
YOUR DESTINY!

THEN I'LL  
FACE IT LIKE  
A MAN--  
AND A  
BRITON!



BRAVE  
WORDS--BUT  
STILL, I'LL  
NEED NO  
ANIMAL POWER  
TO SLAY YOU!

AMERICA SPURNED  
ME AND MY FAMILY  
DURING THE DEPRESSION--  
AND I WONED VENGEANCE  
UPON IT WHEN I  
RETURNED!

WELL,  
I HAVE  
RETURNED--



--AND I'LL DESTROY ANYONE  
OR ANYTHING WHICH AIDS  
AMERICA--

--WITH THE  
MARTIAL ARTS  
OF WHICH I AM  
UNDISPUTED  
MASTER!

A VISELIKE,  
UNRELENTING  
GRIP LOOKS  
SUDDENLY ABOUT  
THE OLDER MAN'S  
NECK...



YET, EVEN A GRIP  
OF STRONGEST IRON  
MUST FALE--



--BEFORE THAT OF-- **STEEL!**

SACRED  
ANCESTORS!  
I--



IN AN INSTANT, KUNG INSTINCTIVELY  
REALIZES THAT CHANGING INTO A LARGER  
BEAST WILL RESULT IN HIS NECK BEING  
BROKEN, EVEN IN THE TRANSFORMATION.

YET, BECAUSE  
THE CODE OF THE  
ASSASSIN  
IS TO SURVIVE,  
TO STRIKE  
ANOTHER DAY--

H-HE'S CHANGING SHAPE--!





THEN, THE SMALLER  
CREATURE SLIPS  
FROM STEEL'S  
STRONG GRASP--

--AND IS GONE,  
AND THE GATHERING  
TWILIGHT--



BELLE--MR. PRIME  
MINISTER--EVERY-  
THING OKAY IN  
HERE?

IT IS--THANKS TO  
THE MAN CALLED  
STEEL!

WH-WHAT  
HAPPENED? I--  
FEEL SO  
DROWZY--

WHEN  
CHURCHILL  
HAS EXPLAINED



THAT'S TWICE YOU'VE  
PULLED OUR CHEST-  
NUTS OUT OF THE  
FIRE TODAY, FRIEND...  
THANKS.

NO, DON'T TRY  
TO TALK.

TIME  
ENOUGH FOR  
THAT... LATER.



HANK HEYWOOD MUST HAVE  
BEEN ASLEEP WHEN KUNG  
CAST HIS MENTAL SPELL OVER  
US-- SO IT HAD NO EFFECT  
ON HIM WHEN HE AWOK--

--JUST IN  
TIME, AS IT  
TURNS OUT.



AND IF **BARON  
BLITZKRIEG** WAS  
TRULY BEHIND BOTH  
ATTACKS TODAY, HE  
MUST BE A DIS-  
APPOINTED MAN  
JUST NOW...

...A VERY  
DISAPPOINTED  
MAN...!



THAT NIGHT, WHEN NEWS OF KUNG'S ABORTIVE ATTACK IS  
BROADCAST...

CURSE THAT  
ORIENTAL MEDDLER!

THE **BLACK ASSASSIN**  
STRUCK ON MY ORDERS--  
AND FAILED, AS  
I SECRETLY  
INTENDED HE SHOULD.

KUNG, HOWEVER, IS  
NOT SUBJECT TO ME--  
BUT STRUCK ON HIS  
OWN.

THEN, PHASE  
TWO OF YOUR  
PLAN IS FULLY  
OPERATIONAL  
AT LAST, HERR  
BARON?

YES, ZWERG...



AND, AT THE STROKE OF MIDNIGHT  
TOMORROW-- **NEW YEAR'S EVE**-- I  
SHALL ACHIEVE MY GREATEST VICTORY  
IN THE **WHITE HOUSE** ITSELF--

--WHEN MY SPECIAL  
AGENT FINALLY  
ACCOMPLISHES  
THE ASSASSINATION  
OF BOTH  
CHURCHILL AND  
ROOSEVELT!

MY SPECIAL AGENT--WHOSE  
NAME IS **STEEL**!

**NEXT  
ISSUE** SHOULD OLD ACQUAINTANCE  
BE **DESTROYED**...!

# ALL STAR SQUADRON

# FACT FILE



**Name:** THE SHINING KNIGHT (actually SIR JUSTIN, of King Arthur's Court).

**Alter Ego:** Justin Arthur, assistant curator of a metropolitan museum.

**First Golden-Age Appearance:** ADVENTURE COMICS #66, 1941.

**Last Golden-Age Appearance:** ADVENTURE COMICS #186, 1961 (by a strange and star-struck coincidence).

**Also appeared in:** LEADING COMICS #1-14, where he was a charter member of the Seven Soldier of Victory.

**Origin:** On an ogre-fighting mission from Camelot, Sir Justin became frozen in ice for 1500 years... to awaken just in time for World War Two.

**Powers:** Besides his own superb fighting prowess and gleaming virtue, he possesses invincible armor and an enchanted, unbeatable sword... as well as his magical feathered steed, Winged Victory.

**Special Note:** In the comics of the 1940's and 1960's, Sir Justin's alter ego had no last name... so we gave him one. Better late than never, by my halidom!

**Name:** ROBOTMAN

**Alter Ego:** "Paul Dennis," an identity he created for himself when his human-bodied self, Dr. Robert Crane, was shot down by hoodlums.

**Golden-Age Appearances:** STAR-SPANGLED COMICS #7-82, 1942-49... and DETECTIVE COMICS #138-202 (except #155) from 1948-53.

**Origin:** His skilled assistant, Chuck Grayson, put Dr. Crane's human brain inside a previously-prepared robot frame, so he could track down his own "killers"!

**Powers:** At first, just a strong, fast robot body, plus photo-electric cell eyes and otherwise-augmented artificial senses. In later years, he became increasingly gimmicky... almost a Plastic Man of metal.

**Special Note:** Not only is this Robotman no relation to Cliff Steele of the old Doom Patrol... but he's never met the Paul Dennis/Robotman of Earth-One, either, and probably never will.



**Name:** JOHNNY QUICK

**Alter Ego:** Johnny Chambers, ace cameraman/reporter for Sees All/Tells All News.

**Golden-Age Appearances:** MORE FUN COMICS #71-107, 1941-46... and ADVENTURE #103-207 (except #205), 1948-54.

**Origin:** His late guardian, the mathematical genius Professor Gill, told him the secret of a so-called "Magic Formula" which, when recited aloud, gave the utterer the power of super-speed.

**Powers:** Similar to the Flash's speed powers—though whether as great or not, remains to be seen. (JQ can't really fly, but uses his speed-produced momentum so skilfully that sometimes it almost seems he can!)



# ALL-STAR COMMENTS

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NEW YORK, N.Y. 10019

**SPECIAL SQUADRON NOTE:** Few DC heroes have been as much requested for "membership" in the purposely amorphous All-Star Squadron by the letter-writing hordes as has the man called Steel, whose magazine had its own five-issue run a few years back, under the aegis of creators Gerry Conway and Don Heck. In fact, a sixth issue was completed when STEEL, THE INDESTRUCTIBLE MAN was cancelled as part of a temporary DC cutback at the time...and in many ways, it was one of the best and most important of the series. Thus, Len and Roy decided to take the majority of the pages of that sixth issue—previously unprinted except in xerox format for a very limited audience—and have it partly rewritten and totally relettered and re-linked to fit into issues 8 and 9 of ALL-STAR SQUADRON. Especially after you've read the conclusion of Hank Heywood's war-diary next month, we think you'll see why we did it. Let us know how you feel about Steel as an All-Star, okay—not that we ever doubted you would!

Dear Roy, Rich, and Jerry,

ALL-STAR SQUADRON keeps getting better with each passing issue, and #4 might possibly be the best one thus far. Buckler and Ordway really make you think you are re-living the Golden Age of Comics; the war scenes are absolutely breathtaking. Roy Thomas is doing a fabulous job on this book, and I hope the current creative team never leaves. Still, I'd really like to see some of Aquaman, Green Arrow, and my favorite junior brawler, Speedy. Also, what about Captain Marvel? Can't you work him in somehow?

Mark Waldman  
9639 Amigo Av.  
Northridge, CA 91324

We'd love to, Mark—and hope to do so in the near future, if and when certain legal technicalities can be worked out. If so, it will be the Captain Marvel of Earth-S—the only one in existence at present—who will pop up on Earth-Two. It was established in the pages of SHAZAM!, some years back, that the Big Red Cheese saw action in World War Two, so he'll fit right in. How does the rest of DC-dom feel about it?

—R.T.

Dear Len and Roy:

ALL-STAR SQUADRON #4 was a wonderful way to spend the last Saturday before starting back to school. Even knowing how good Roy is at characterization, I was surprised how defined the heroes were. Doctor Fate's helmet, the Spectre's queasiness, Superman's not feeling lonely any longer (this was a very important occurrence, you know), and Johnny Quick and the Flash setting up a future race—all were fine touches and show that this is a book that cares. The only characterization I really disagree with is Superman's, which in this period was a lot more cocky. He said few words and those he did were wisecracks. He was not really the articulate fellow portrayed here, which is more in line with our Earth's

Kryptonian. One final comment—don't cancel this book!

John K. Austin  
1513 3rd  
Cheney, WA 99004

Not likely, John! ALL-STAR's already proven to be one of dynamic DC's best-selling titles, and we've only just started! —R.T.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dear Roy:

November 1981 will see the release of a new book I've co-authored with Harry Castleman, a popular history of American television called *Watching TV* (published by McGraw-Hill). Jumping the gun a bit, here are a few comments aimed at the ALL-STAR SQUADRON letter column, regarding Libby Lawrence's TV news show in your Preview issue (as commented on in #5) and on television in general circa 1941.

Despite the fact that TV did indeed exist in 1941 (for that matter, the elite in New York City had TV back in the early 1930's), the programming beast was quite different from today. Coast-to-coast hookups were still a decade away. Experimental programming was (to be kind) spotty, from stock film filler to cooking tips. And of course, there remained millions of Americans who would not view their first TV image until the 1950's.

Yet, on the world we know as Earth-Two, your scenario thus far is quite possible. TV news was essentially a radio announcer reading stories with a camera in the studio. It is most likely that Libby Lawrence's TV news show is actually a simulcast of her popular radio reports. Remember, though, that "live remotes" or even "film at 11" would be virtually out of the question. In addition, keep in mind that during the 1942 and 1943 war years, American television cut back broadcasting hours tremendously.

One angle you might want to play with in the future is TV in Nazi Germany. Though the war prevented mass production for individual use, sets were available in such public viewing areas as hospitals, carrying propaganda broadcasts through 1943 from Berlin and 1944 from Paris. For instance, I could definitely see Hitler staging, say, a public "trial" of captured All-Star heroes to help boost war morale. (Hint.)

You're obviously having a ball doing ALL-STAR SQUADRON—keep up the great work.

Wally Podnizik  
c/o McGraw-Hill Paperbacks  
1221 Ave. of the Americas  
New York, N.Y. 10020

Thanks, Wally. Your idea of Hitler on TV is a bit like something Roy's been toying with for a while, so who knows...? Meanwhile, thanks a lot for verifying that the Libby-Lawrence-on-TV-in-1941 sequence was indeed historically possible. Far too many of our readers have somehow come to the erroneous conclusion that television began with Milton Berle and "I Love Lucy." We look forward to your book, and wish it great success. —R.T.

THE MAN OF 1,000 FACES THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER IN MONTHLY BATTLE BLOCKBUSTERS!